

## **THE TRUE PICTURE of CHRISTMAS**

By Paralee Eadie

We picture the beauty of Christmas Day,  
Of Baby Jesus upon clean, white hay,  
Angelic choirs singing hymns so sweet,  
Shepherds and Magi kneeling at His feet,  
Mary, Joseph, and Babe with halos aglow,  
Fluffy, white sheep bleating soft and low.  
How we love to worship this Babe of glory,  
But it's not a true picture, nor the end of the story.

For you see....

No barn I've ever been in or seen  
Has been sanitary, or white, or clean.  
I'm sure the shepherds and Wise Men took care  
To look before kneeling when they came there.  
Sheep out in the fields aren't fluffy and white;  
Dirty, damp wool was the odor that night.

And years later....

The back that had slept upon the straw  
Was beaten with whips until it was raw.  
The head of that Babe in Bethlehem  
Wore a crown of thorns as a diadem.  
Tiny hands that had reached for the shepherd's staff  
Were nailed to the cross amid scorn and laughs.  
The voice that had cooed upon Mary's knee  
Cried, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"  
As He paid the price for your sins and mine,  
Full of grace, compassion, and love divine.  
How can we respond to a love so grand  
Except to reach out and take His hand.